

THE CHURCH IN THE MODERN CITY

THE STORY

of

THREE SCORE YEARS

of

PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN SERVICE

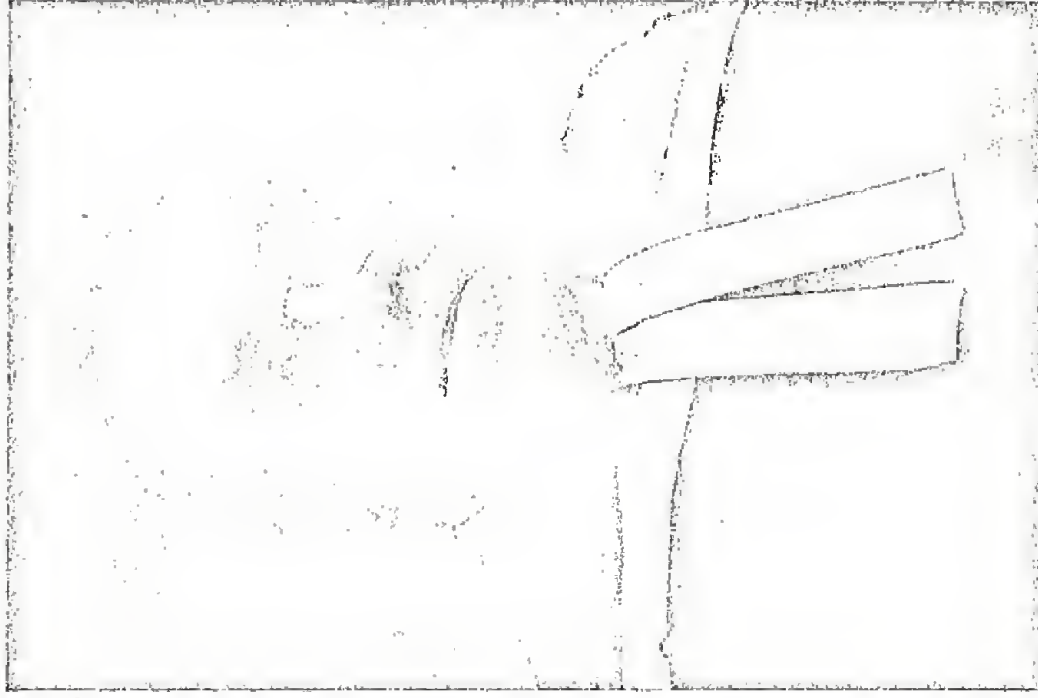
1885 - 1945

By

Rev. Andrew Roddan, D.D.

First United Church,
Vancouver, B. C.

The Church of the Open Door



Rev. Andrew Roddan, D.D.

VANCOUVER CITY COLLEGE, LANGARA

All Proceeds in Aid of the Jubilee Fund

B. C. STUDIES

A FOREWORD BY

THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONFERENCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

In the Fall of 1930, in the early days of "the Depression" when young men were beginning to travel about the country in search of work, the Vancouver Presbytery of the United Church of Canada gave instructions that an effort should be made to provide food for single unemployed men. It was in the effort to carry out these instructions that I became associated with Dr. Roddan. Some months previously he had come to Vancouver as minister of First United Church, and now threw open his school room for the serving of meals, and took up the cause of the single unemployed men with such earnestness and energy that his advocacy of their cause became widely known across the Dominion. From that day to this he has been the champion of the underprivileged and needy, and by the numerous activities of his church, of which he has been the inspiration and guide, he has done much to lessen suffering, while those in any kind of need have found in him a counsellor and friend.

In addition he has maintained a preaching ministry of a high order, and is recognized as one of the most popular radio preachers in Western Canada.

His previous books have told much of his opinions and activities, and this story of the Church in which he has served so devotedly and successfully for the past fifteen years, should be not only intensely interesting, but an encouragement to all engaged in work for the Kingdom of God.

REV. H. E. HORTON.

DEDICATED

to

*All the loyal members, adherents
and friends of First United Church
without whose prayers and practical
support this work for the
Kingdom of God would not be
possible.*

P R E F A C E

The Home Mission Board of the United Church of Canada has opened a new frontier in missionary work.

The Church in the past has largely thought in terms of the vast regions of this land, where the services of the Church have not been available for the people.

In recent years, however, the attention of the Board has been directed to the congested areas of our large cities. In the past too often the downtown churches have sold their properties, reaped the benefit of the unearned increment, and with the proceeds have built beautiful edifices in the suburbs.

Now, however, the Home Mission Board have caught a vision of the need of these depressed urban areas. From coast to coast in all our large Canadian cities you will find old churches, as well as new institutional buildings, well equipped to carry on social service work for the benefit of those who by force of circumstances are compelled to live "on the other side of the tracks".

In charge of this special downtown work have been placed some of our most devoted workers, well trained and experienced in their special fields of service.

First United Church is in the front line of service in this cosmopolitan city of Vancouver.

By the help of God we have met the shocks of Depression and of War. Now, we are ready to face the problems of Reconstruction, and we are fully aware that they will be long and arduous.

On this Jubilee occasion, therefore, we are again looking to all our friends for their continued prayers and support of this work which God has entrusted to our special care. We are doing this work in the name of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto Me."

ANDREW RODDAN.

PIONEER DAYS

One of the most interesting stories in the history of Canada is that of its Pioneers, the men and women who have laid the foundations of our Educational, Social and Religious life in every community from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We are immediately concerned about the Genesis of the work of the Church in the City of Vancouver.

For the information contained in this part of the story I am indebted to the Pioneers and Historians of our Church. Ministers like Rev. Thomas Crosby, D.D., Rev. James Robertson, D.D., Rev. Hugh Pedley, D.D., laymen like the late David Spencer, founder of the David Spencer Ltd., the late Alexander Leslie Fortune, the first white settler of the North Okanagan Valley, and many others who might be mentioned—these were the men of high integrity, fine intelligence, and untiring industry.

The Early Methodists

To begin with, Rev. J. H. White, D.D., himself one of the Pioneers, and still with us, says: "The first known member of the Methodist Church in British Columbia was a young English lad eighteen years of age, Cornelius Bryant, afterward an honoured minister in B.C., who came to Nanaimo in 1856. He made himself known to the Rev. E. Cridge, then Superintendent of Education, and who later became the much beloved Bishop Cridge of the Reformed Episcopal Church in Victoria, and was appointed to teach the school in the little mining camp at Nanaimo. Here he remained for a number of years and impressed his personality upon many men and women who afterwards became prominent in the life of the new colony. But he held a wider view of opportunity and obligation than to be satisfied with the mere routine of school teaching. He soon organized a Band of Hope among the children, and on February 15th, 1857, when only nineteen years of age, held the first religious service in the new camp. The Church of England form of service was used and the little meeting grew in numbers and influence."

Then Rev. C. M. Tate continues the story: "In 1874 Burrard Inlet became a separate charge, and the Rev. James Turner was stationed at that point, Granville, which was then known by the more popular name of Gastown. Gassy Jack was the nickname of the saloon-keeper from which Granville received its name. A lot was purchased from the Government for the sum of two hundred dollars, on which Mr. Turner built his parsonage. The following year an Indian church was built on the same lot, for the use of the Indians who were working at the Hastings sawmill. This was the first church of any kind to be built on the site of Vancouver city. The lot was

lapped by the waters of the Inlet, and the street it fronted was rightly named "Water Street". The disastrous fire which destroyed the first Vancouver took both church and parsonage. A large hall was afterward erected on the lot, which served for church purposes until water front property was needed for business, when the Homer Street Church was built (now Labor Temple). When residential Vancouver moved to the West-end Wesley Church, now St. Andrew's-Wesley, was erected, and may well feel proud of being the mother of some thirty Churches throughout the city and district."

The Turner Institute

This congregation was organized in 1888. Two years after the incorporation of Vancouver, a call was sent out for an additional Methodist Church. Carrall Street was made the dividing line between the two congregations, and for the first year, Rev. Ebenezer Robson, of the Homer Street Church, carried on the work in the new district. Services were first held in the Police Court Chambers, Rev. Mr. Robson being assisted by the late W. J. Trythall.

In the spring of 1889, Rev. J. F. Betts was appointed pastor of the East End work, and at once began the task of organization. Suitable lots were purchased and before a year had passed Church and parsonage buildings were erected, the report to the next Conference showing an enrolment of ninety-seven members. This Church from the start was self-supporting.

The first Trustee Board meeting was held August 9, 1889, at the parsonage, with Rev. J. F. Betts in the chair. At this meeting it was decided to erect a new Church to be named Princess Street Methodist Church, and it was opened in September; the preachers for the occasion were Revs. E. Robson, Charles Ládner and S. J. Thompson.

In 1893, Rev. W. W. Baer succeeded to the pastorate and continued for four years. Rev. R. Whittington, M.A., was appointed in 1897, and during his ministry preparations were made for the erection of a new building.

Rev. John Robson, B.A., was the next pastor, and during his term the present Church was erected. The following pastors were appointed in order: Rev. R. N. Powell, Rev. A. M. Sanford, Rev. S. S. Osterhout, Rev. F. W. Langford, Rev. J. G. Brown, Rev. A. E. Roberts, Rev. R. J. McIntyre and Rev. L. C. Johnson.

The Congregationalists

For the story of the rise of the Congregational Church in Vancouver, we find some interesting facts presented by the late Rev. J. K. Unsworth, D.D.: "Congregationalism cannot lay claim to the same length of service for the Pacific Province as her sisters of the United Church. These doughty pioneers of Methodism, Ebenezer Robson and Arthur Browning, reached Victoria in 1859, John Hall

and Alexander Wilson following in 1861 to lay the foundations of the Presbyterian Church in Victoria with Robert Jamieson hoisting the blue banner in New Westminster a year later.

"It was in 1887 that the Rev. Hugh Pedley, then pastor at Cobourg, Ontario, and later to become the brilliant preacher and much-loved minister of Winnipeg and Montreal, and the leader of his denomination in the Church Union movement, came to Vancouver to investigate the spiritual needs of the young city rising from the ashes of the great fire.

"His brother, Rev. J. W. Pedley, came the following year and organized the First Congregational Church, which met, after a few weeks in the Y.M.C.A., in Wilson Hall, Abbott Street, the present site of the Woodward stores. Mr. Pedley's gifts as a strong and racy speaker, his camaraderie and administrative ability built up a large congregation in the rapidly growing city. Under his leadership, a commodious Church was built on the corner of Richards and Georgia Streets, where the congregation worshipped for twenty-one years, until the removal to the present well-equipped edifice on Thurlow Street, the dedicatory services of which Mr. Pedley was called from Ontario to conduct.

"The ministers who succeeded him shared with the congregation the vicissitudes of the nascent city, each of them making their distinctive contribution to its life. First came Rev. H. C. Mason, of Brandon, Manitoba, who left after three years of pastorate to become a leader in Congregational circles in the State of Washington, and now in charge of the University Church, Seattle. Rev. J. H. Bainton came from England, also for a three-year term, resigning to take a Church in Colfax, Washington, and later in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. His successor was the Rev. John Simpson, whose resignation in 1910 was followed by his death a year later.

"During the five years of the ministry of Rev. Dr. J. K. Unsworth, the Thurlow Street Church was built and a mission established in South Kitsilano with the erection of the Kitsilano Church, later to become a Union cause. The fine equipment of the new edifice was a great aid in promoting young people's work and social service. The ministry of Rev. A. E. Cooke, who came from the Kitsilano cause to succeed Dr. Unsworth on his resignation to join the Presbyterian Church, lasted eight years and was marked by a strong popular appeal and the frank discussion of modern issues, which attracted large congregations. Radio broadcasting equipment was installed during the last year of his ministry, and this has since proven to be a valuable instrument for the preaching and teaching of the Kingdom of God. The Presbytery Radio Committee directs this work in co-operation with Radio Station CKWX.

The Early Presbyterians

The history of the Presbyterian Church is part of the history of the City of Vancouver. I have before me extracts from the minutes of First Presbyterian Church, Vancouver, Joint Session North Arm and Granville, Rev. T. G. Thompson, Minister. The date is July 5, 1885. At this time the Presbyterians were meeting in the schoolhouse.

Rev. John Goodfellow, B.A., continues the story as follows: "The 'Old First', as it is often affectionately referred to by old-timers, is the parent church of the denomination in Vancouver and the daughter of the Presbyterian Church in Eburne, which dates before the City of Vancouver. It was the Rev. T. G. Thompson (afterwards of Vankleek Hill, Glengarry) then missionary at Eburne, who, when the C.P.R. first came to Vancouver, started services and erected a small church on Cordova Street. This was destroyed in the Great Fire. It was replaced by a larger building, which still stands on Cordova, near Main, in which services were held for some years. Mr. Thompson was succeeded by Rev. George R. Maxwell, under whose ministry the present building on Hastings and Gore Avenue was erected.

"Mr. Maxwell was succeeded by the Rev. William Meikle, a prominent evangelist. The Rev. John Reid, an able preacher of fervent religious type, succeeded him for a year and then organized a church in the old building on Cordova Street. A new organization was introduced with the advent of the Rev. Dr. R. G. MacBeth who came from St. Augustine's, Winnipeg. At that time the Oriental invasion of the East End had not commenced and the congregation at the First Church was one of the most representative in the city. It was during Mr. MacBeth's ministry that the General Assembly met at the Coast. That was in 1903, this being the first supreme court of any church to meet in British Columbia. In 1904, Dr. MacBeth was called to Ontario and Rev. H. W. Fraser, who remained as pastor for over twelve years, succeeded him.

"At the close of Dr. Fraser's ministry the Anglo-Saxon population was getting less and less in that vicinity, and the Home Mission Board came to the assistance of the church and appointed the late Rev. Dr. J. S. Henderson, followed later by the late Rev. A. D. Archibald. Things were in a transition stage, and it was decided to appoint a man specially qualified for dealing with a cosmopolitan congregation. The choice of the Home Missions Board of the General Assembly fell upon the Rev. J. Richmond Craig, then the minister of Westminster Church, Vancouver, who was installed in October, 1921."

Mr. Craig continued until 1929, when he was called to an important charge in the city of Winnipeg.

The present Minister, Rev. Andrew Roddan, was called from St. Paul's Church, Port Arthur, Ontario, to carry on the work under the direction of the Home Mission Board. He is now in his sixteenth year of his ministry. This marks the longest record of service in this important down town church.

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BUILDING A TEMPLE

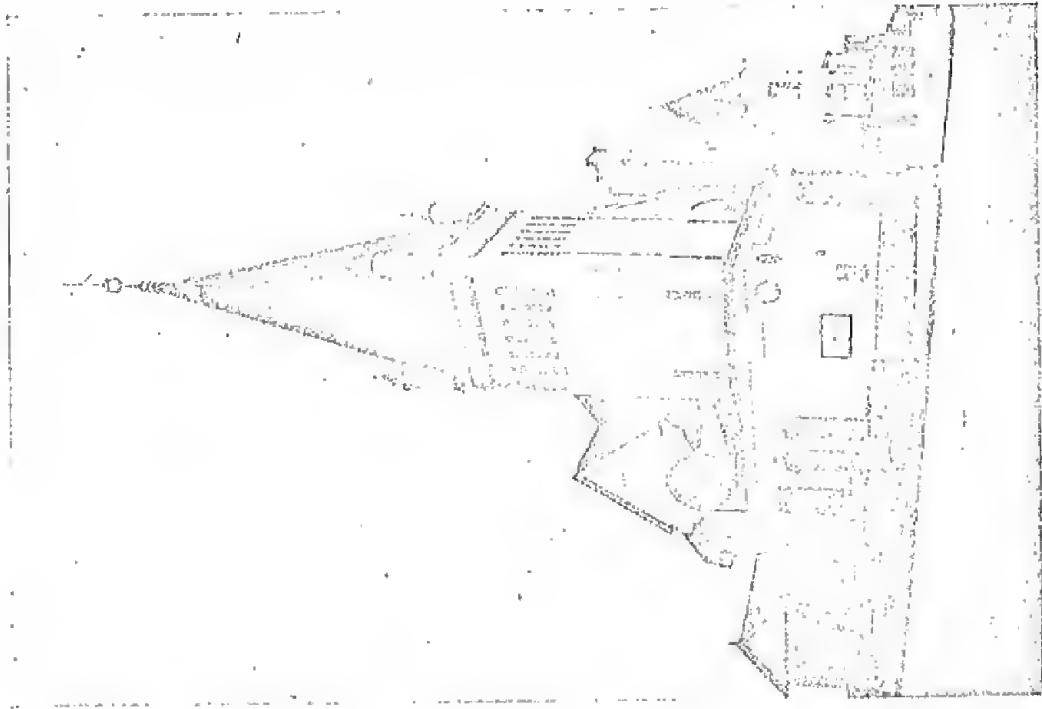
A builder builded a temple,
He wrought it with grace and skill;
Pillars and groins and arches
All fashioned to work his will.

Men say, as they saw its beauty,
"It shall never know decay."
Great is thy skill, O builder:
Thy fame shall endure for aye."

A teacher builded a temple
With loving and infinite care,
Planning each arch with patience,
Laying each stone with prayer,
None praised her unceasing efforts,
None knew of her wondrous plan;
For the temple the teacher builded
Was unseen by the eyes of man.

Gone is the builder's temple,
Crumbled in the dust;
Low lies each stately pillar,
Food for consuming rust.
But the temple the teacher builded
Will last while the ages roll,
For that beautiful unseemly temple
Is a child's immortal soul.

Author Unknown.



First United Church

THE BUILDING OF A CITY

One of the most dramatic incidents in the life of Jesus was that moment when He wept over the city of Jerusalem. Jesus was not born in a city. His whole life and ministry were carried on outside the city limits. Only a few visits to the cities and larger towns are recorded in the New Testament.

I wonder what he must think of some of our modern cities to-day, with all their teeming millions of human beings and all the multiplicity of their problems.

It is not my purpose to go into all historical, political, cultural, social and religious developments which have given rise to our modern cities to-day.

Nevertheless, it is necessary to look back briefly over the problem as we see it in the light of history and experience. When we think of some of the cities of the world to-day, they conjure up in our minds certain associations of ideas and relationships from which we cannot escape. The name Jerusalem suggests to us the very soul and centre of the ancient Jewish religion and also that of Islam and Christianity. Babylon brings to mind the thought of luxury, self-indulgence and sin.

Much of the secular and sacred history of Egypt is bound up in the names of Cairo and Alexandria. Rome calls to mind the power of law and military might. Athens links us with the great philosophers of the past ages in their search for beauty and truth.

Or we may think in more modern times of some of the great cities of the world—London, New York, Edinburgh, Glasgow — each with a long and varied history.

Slums

To come nearer home, we think of this young Dominion of Canada and some of her cities already afflicted with slum conditions—Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Vancouver and Victoria.

What a shame that Canada, so young a nation, should have allowed some of the very worst features of urban problems to mar her otherwise beautiful cities.

When Sir Harry Lauder visited Vancouver a few years ago, he asked a friend of mine how old the city was. When informed that it was only fifty years old, he replied "Well, well, how could a city get so dirty in that time?" Most of the large cities of the world have "just groved" like Topsy. Very few of them have been planned.

The question arises, why do people want to gather together in such large centres, when there is so much vacant land all around

them? This is especially true in Canada and to large extent it is still true of the older countries of the world. Why should human beings desire to create and perpetuate these problems?

The gregarious instinct in human nature; the desire for mutual aid and protection; the advent of the industrial age; these and many answers might be given, and then the whole story would not be told.

The archeologists have uncovered for us the story of some of the ancient cities and how interesting they are. A few years ago while excavating for the London subway, right under Fleet Street, twenty-five feet below the surface, they found a part of a Roman street, some of the houses and courtyards, with all the utensils of that day, and they told a silent but interesting story. Every student knows of all the treasures which have been uncovered in the ancient sites of cities now forgotten.

Their history takes us away back to the stone age or the metal age of Alaska; the Midden of Marpole in B.C., small comparatively, but full of human interest; the Incas of South America; the migrations that regularly overflowed from the cradle of the human race in the Euphrates Valley into the surrounding countries of Egypt, Asia Minor and the Far East, or to the west, through the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea and then through Europe into ancient Britain.

All these experiences of the human family have left the certain mark, that there is a gregarious instinct in humanity. Men is a social being and must find satisfaction for this instinct through grouping together in various ways and places.

Carpentier, in his book, "The Sociology of City Life", points out that the desire for mutual protection and mutual aid were important factors in the development of the city. The best land for grazing, the best hunting and fishing, the most favourable grounds for agriculture, access to rivers, lakes and to the ocean were also important.

Or again, in other parts, the cities evolved around the idea of the supernatural. In Egypt, South America and India, certain holy cities have been set apart as special abiding-places of the divinities, which were worshipped by the people.

Economic Factor

There can be no doubt, however, that the economic factor has been the most important in bringing together large numbers of human beings in which daily bread and a place to live are the vital considerations. Then trade, commerce and industry dominate the scene more and more. There is no doubt that the city and what happens in the life of the city directs the political, social, and economic life of our modern world.

The city has become the centre of government and administration. The cities that have been planned and built for this special work are

models of their kind. We think of Canberra in Australia, Washington in the United States, and Angora in Turkey as examples of this special planning.

To understand the city one must experience it. Let us go out onto the crowded ways of a metropolis with a typical city man, though we must confess that it is quite unlike the typical city man to study his own city, for the place the city man knows least is his own city and the person with whom he is least acquainted is himself.

The City Man

City Man muses on the magnitude and significance of the daily migration of two millions of people from home or sleeping place into the business area of the city to its vital organs. He wonders what, if anything, this daily oscillation of human flesh has accomplished. It has helped to turn the turbines of industry and of commerce, true, but what has it all done to the people themselves?

Surely the city is at once dynamic and stimulating. The great metropolitan communities of London, New York, Chicago, Detroit and San Francisco exert a lure and fascination on hamlet and crossroad. The city is exhilarating to the young, challenging to the prepared, albeit enervating to the weak, frightening to the old and relentlessly hard on the hindmost. If only men never felt fatigue and never grew old, is the long, single sigh of the city.

Yet, even in his weary moment, there is respite and revival for City Man; he sees his city, despite its inhumanity, a city magnificent; its buildings towering skyward, commanding a view of the whole metropolitan area; bridges with their graceful arches concealing strength under their grace; educational institutions magnificent in their equipment; art galleries and museums; imposing luxurious hotels; apartment houses designed to give the favoured a sense of security and power; a flow of traffic magnificent in its equipage, pulsating with unlimited energy; a skyline splendid in outline despite its haphazard notches and irregular curves. Yet what a toll in human substance this magnificence has cost!

Industrial Revolution

Undoubtedly the greatest single factor in moulding the life of our modern cities has been the Industrial Revolution. Under the old system when each member of a Guild was a real craftsman, creating by his own hands the things needed in the community life, the butcher, the baker, the cabinetmaker were all closely related. They had a real vital personal interest in each other and their respective trades. This experience united the community in a bond of common loyalty and mutual obligation to each other. We know how the Industrial Revolution has changed all that. Now the personal contact

has been very largely destroyed. The worker has been robbed of his personality and has become a cog in a machine making profits.

I remember a few years ago in Brockville, Ontario, how this was dramatically demonstrated. I was in a Minister's home when the phone rang. A man who had been out of work for a long time had secured a job in a rope factory in Montreal. Something had gone wrong with the machine and he was killed. When the manager was informed, his first inquiry was not for the man, nor his family, but "Was the machine damaged?" This was very revealing. Human values did not matter so much.

So, the Industrial Revolution has brought about these significant changes. From human power to animal power, from steam to electricity—added to all this the accessibility to raw materials. The investment of capital, availability, and, after, the exploitation of cheap labour. Then, of course, adequate means of transportation. These are some of the main factors which enter into the development of our modern cities.

The Bulk of a City

Only with difficulty can one comprehend the size of a great metropolis, the sheer bulk of it. New York City, with a population of seven millions, can only exist provided trainload after trainload of foodstuffs is brought daily to its warehouses and stores. It uses almost three million quarts of milk and seven million eggs a day. It is estimated that the population consumes over three and a half million tons of food a year. A baby is born every five minutes; in one year the total of births was 98,507. Approximately twelve thousand physicians and surgeons are available to care for these babies and other New Yorkers. It requires almost a thousand elementary and high schools to meet the educational needs of the children in this great city. There are more than fifteen hundred churches and over eight hundred theatres with a seating capacity of approximately a million. The very size of such an aggregate creates complexities which scarcely even enter the mind of the resident in the small city.

Now, out of all this extreme concentration of wealth, power and humanity, arise certain problems which, though they may differ in some aspects, are common to all aggregations of human beings.

Pressures and Tensions

In a situation such as this, you can readily see how pressures begin to develop. Tensions are created and out of them come the human problems that baffle and harass ministers and social workers alike. There are certain well-established institutions in every organized community, such as the Church, the School, the Home and the places where people earn their daily bread.

The economic pressure is one of the first and oftentimes the severest to be felt, especially by the Home. An ever-expanding commercial life creates new problems for the average family. Factories, warehouses, railway lines, tenement houses and broken down dwellings all seem to follow, as one strata of life moves out, another, and usually a lower, moves in. The change from ownership to tenure is not good for the community. It stands to reason that when a man owns his home he will be interested in what happens in his district.

The segregated areas spring up where people of a similar race and language come together to find fellowship among those who understand. In the eastern and central cities of Canada the European, the Latin and Slavic groups predominate. On the Pacific coast, the oriental problem is most acute, and this has been aggravated by war restrictions and severe regulations.

Problems

Thousands of families in all our cities in Canada find themselves caught in the grip of circumstances and they are never able to rise above them. In many cases the pressure has been so great that they have lost all ambition and hope. They have given up the struggle to rise and have accepted their condition as hopeless—they have no future. As minister of First Church, this is one of the real problems that I and the members of the staff have to meet so often when dealing with this class of people.

They have developed a slum attitude of mind and outlook on life. The tragedy of such cases which have come under my own personal observation is that they communicate this negative influence to their children. Thus we may have one or two generations with this attitude toward life. The children seem to inherit these tendencies and thus perpetuate the problems. There, in the midst of such conditions, we have the breeding ground for the shiftless, the unstable, and sometimes vicious elements of society.

No institution stands closer to the home than the Christian Church. When it is true to the spirit of the Master, it seeks to bring its message of comfort, healing and hope to the individual soul. But you will remember that when Jesus had dried His tears and with His heart and soul burning, He went down into the city to do something about it. Things began to happen in the temple precincts and the streets adjoining.

He began to apply his message to change conditions around Him for the benefit and blessing of the people.

Tide Marks

In every city in Canada you can see the tide marks on the houses, as clearly as on the rocks on the sea coast. Every minister

in a downtown Church very soon becomes aware of this problem, the continual change of tenants in apartment and rooming houses. One day I was calling on such a place. The hallway was so dark that I could not see the numbers. I had to feel for them above the door. When I did succeed in making a contact, I found that these people did not know who their next-door neighbour was. They "just kept to themselves", as they expressed it. Thousands of unmarried men and women occupy these places. Away from all the old associations of home and companions, how easy for them to feel lonely, not wanted, and yield to the temptation to go with the wrong crowd; there is no central loyalty and many of them are at loose ends as far as Church attendance is concerned. This is a real problem which every minister in such a district has to face.

Sometimes they wish to be free from old ties and traditions and to experience life for themselves. The roominghouse areas are usually crowded, because they make it convenient for those who work in stores and offices, and it saves carfare when wages are small. Likewise their entertainment is right at hand. From their room windows they can see all the glare and colours of the Neon signs beckoning them to leave their lonely rooms and follow the crowd to the show; the dance hall, or cabaret. Here also, when there is no red-light district, the private prostitute carries on her business.

Then there are so many lonely people. This is especially true in our coast cities. There are 15,000 old-age pensioners living in small rooms, poorly lit and not very warm or comfortable, eking out a miserable existence from the meagre pension provided by the government.

Hardly a week goes by in Vancouver but we read of someone having turned on the gas and thus finding a way of escape from an unfriendly world.

Competition

In the modern city to-day, there are so many factors competing for the time, interest and money of its citizens, that life becomes very confusing. They compete for their jobs, they compete for their pleasure, they compete for their chance friendships, such as they are, so that their whole life is one of continual competition, which becomes a serious problem and tends to make people hard and merciless in their dealings with one another.

Money talks very loud in the city. You must have ready cash in your pocket. It tends to determine your standard of living, your class of friends. For money, especially in city life, where its possession is such an important factor, tends to force people to say and do things which under other circumstances would make them feel ashamed.

The Church must first and foremost consider the effects of city life upon the family. The city does not like children, generally speaking. It is not the friend, but too often the enemy, of child life. Children are a liability in the modern city.

If you think what I am saying has no bearing on the subject, try to rent a house or an apartment when you confess you have a family of children. You will promptly be told by the agent or landlord "nothing doing", unless of course you follow the example of a fellow citizen. According to the story, he had tried in vain to rent a house—but he had a family of children no one would open the door. At last in desperation he took his wife and five children out to the cemetery and told them to wait for his return. Again he resumed his search. When the agent asked him if he was married and had a family, he replied, yes, he had a wife and five children, but they were all in the cemetery. The agent was satisfied, the lease was signed, and he went out and collected his family, and settled down.

Then, unless you are able to buy or build a home, you are forced to move into a less desirable district with your family and expose them to many of the negative influences of city life. It seems a serious reflection on our civilization that these parents with large families are so often compelled to live under conditions which are neither Christian nor in keeping with common decency.

The Challenge

We have been deploring the terrible bombings to which certain areas of London have been exposed, yet one of the leaders of the Church of England recently remarked that while the loss of life was to be regretted he was glad that the terrible dwellings had gone. In these crowded districts one in five children born never lived to see its first birthday.

This is one of the major problems facing the modern cities of today. Bad housing breeds bad characters and bad relationships. Bad housing breeds disease of all kinds. Bad housing breeds all kinds of crime. The streets and alleys of our Canadian cities all tell the same story. Little children in Toronto and Vancouver selling papers or standing in front of taverns and beer parlours selling paper flowers, or acting as "Beer Rats" with their little wagons hauling home the beer for patrons ashamed to carry it themselves. What a challenge to our Christian conscience!

Sometimes when I see the ships in the harbour of Vancouver loading millions of feet of lumber which is being taken away to build homes in some other part of the world, I feel like crying out in protest, in fact, I have done so in no uncertain manner, when I realize how much we need that lumber to build homes for our poor

families, where the children would be free from vermin. Do you know what it is to be able to sleep through the night without having your sleep disturbed by bed bugs or lice? Then, thank God, for thousands of men, women and children never enjoy such a luxury. Their night is one of eternal torment in the darkness against such unnecessary pests. Think of the mother having to sit up at night because of the fear of rats attacking her child in its crib. Yet this was true in the experience of one mother in Vancouver.

Vienna and Politicians

While I was in Vienna in 1938, I saw there one section of the workers' buildings built under the socialist regime in that city. It was two blocks long and four stories high. It had rooms and suites for all sizes of families. Only those with children were privileged to live in it. They paid a nominal rent according to their income and the size of their family. In this unit, there was a doctor and nurse, a kindergarten, playground, library and all the essential things to make a happy community life. These people had a vision. Russia is the only other country which has seriously endeavoured to follow the example of Vienna in seeking to conserve the nation's real asset, its children.

You all know when elections come around, how our politicians will proudly point to our forests, fields, mines and fisheries, and then if they remember they will also put in a word about our youth. They forget to tell you that while you can raise a loan at the bank on your farm or gold mine, you can not raise a red cent on your family of children.

I saw also in London, Glasgow and other cities, the fine work of slum reclamation which has been going on now for a number of years.

Time would not avail to deal with all the problems in one lecture, but there is one major problem and that is the liquor trade. Here again, it is in the city that you are made aware of the very worst features of this degrading business. This traffic contributes so largely to our social problem that only now is the public conscience being awakened to what Dr. House calls "Our National Scandal".

Internal Migration

It would be well for us, however, to face some of the new problems created by the war as they affect city life in particular. Rev. R. B. Cochrane called the attention of the General Council to the fact that Canada was now experiencing the greatest internal migration in her history. More than 800,000 people had moved into the urban areas of Canada during the war period and the end was not yet in sight.

They were being attracted by the big wages offered by the war industries, thus creating a new problem, aggravating the housing problem seriously, and all the other problems relatively. Here is an example of what had happened in Vancouver during the last year. In the month of March, in company with the Superintendent of one of our large shipbuilding yards, I was being shown what they were doing in this particular field of war work. I noticed on entering the yard, a sign which read, "No unskilled labour required. We have 4,500 applications on file. Only skilled workers need apply."

Thousands of people have come to our city, and whereas we were suffering from a shortage of houses before, the problem has now become most serious. This situation in one form or another could be duplicated in many other cities in Canada.

The Youth

Then, there is the serious problem of the young war worker delinquent. For the first time in their lives, most of these youths find themselves independent financially, of their parents, and they have not realized how much they need wise counsel to help them become useful citizens. I does not seem fair, that my boys and your boys, University graduates, should have to hazard their lives for \$1.35 a day and rivet passers should threaten to go on strike for one dollar an hour. There is need of firm discipline here.

The most serious aspect of this new situation is that we have a generation of growing boys and girls, who have good homes, who attend school, who are well clad and fed, but Dad is in the Service and Ma is doing a war job, while their children are running footloose in the community. Almost every city and country is having to face this problem. A solution must be found. Youth movements and more of them, both in Church and State, will have to be set up to give proper direction to these boys and girls. It will cost money, let us spend it rather than lose so many of our boys and girls who must be our future citizens.

What are the answers to all these questions? It must be recognized that no one plan will be adequate to meet all the problems. Common sense will lead us to apply the solution that best meets the local situation.

The Churches' Attitude

One thing is certain and that is that in every one of the questions and answers the Christian Church, and the United Church in particular, is or ought to be, vitally interested. Inasmuch as it was that spirit of earnest concern regarding the spiritual and physical well-being of the early settlers in this Canada of ours which led the great home missionaries of the last few generations to give of their very

best to the people and the Kingdom of God, so likewise, nothing but the very best we have, will be adequate for this day in which we live.

A long time ago Jesus wept over the city of Jerusalem. Then he went into action. So we must follow His blessed example and challenge ourselves as Christian leaders, to do His will in relation to the pressing problem of life in our great centres of population. You remember that when Jesus spoke of the abundant life, He included not only the eternal hereafter, but life here and now. He spoke so much about life. He loved life; as a young man full of energy He desired to share that life with all who were oppressed and discouraged. The abundant life of which He spoke included not only the spiritual, but the social, cultural and economic life as well. Therefore, whatever hinders or impairs the fulfillment of that ideal is not of God and ought to be overcome. The graphic picture of Christian fleeing from the City of Destruction has dominated too long our thinking.

This illustrates the Pilgrim theory of life. Everything is going to the dogs, therefore, we must draw in our skirts and pass by on the other side. I know this is an extreme viewpoint, but it satisfies all those who love to bask in the complacent theology that some day God will reckon with all those who oppose His will, but in the meantime there is nothing we can do about these problems that cry out to heaven for an answer.

The Practical View

On the other hand, there are those men and women who have been fired with missionary zeal for the Kingdom of God and who hold the practical view of life. They remember how Jesus said, "I was an hungered and ye took me in, naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me." This needs no argument and we must see to it that we face these problems in the spirit of the Master and seek earnestly to find a solution.

One writer says, "There is much about the city that I like and much that I detest. From the point of view of human contact, it is a terrible mess. I hope that when the builders of cities acquire enough intelligence and give enough scope to their good will to do some physical thinking about the city, that it will become less intolerable. If one can cultivate a mood of cheerfulness in the city, if he can look at the city day by day and be cheerful, then he can be cheerful in hell. When I cross the river on a ferryboat I find the city very handsome in the play of light and shadow, but the moment I get into one of the canyons, then I cannot see the light but only the condemnatory quality of shade. The shade is not merely a mark of a great wall, but it is a persistent curse on the lives of the people, out of which some of them never emerge."

The Teaching of Christ

What we have to give is Christ and what we have to tell to this urban world is the story of Christ. We want to give to the present world once again the teaching of Christ. One of the reasons why some of the strong and powerful people in our big or little communities have been so hesitant with respect to what their duties are in a modern world, with its constantly demanding social changes, is that they have not paid adequate attention themselves to the teaching of Christ. The most sure approach we have to make to the people in our churches when we wish to impress upon them the real significance of what is called the social gospel is what Jesus himself taught, the truth as it came to him. We begin being Christians with the assumption that when the Lord Jesus spoke he knew he was speaking with authority. It is incredible that it should be so in the Christian Church, but we are having to begin that argument all over again. I heard one person, who was engaged in the marvelous task of religious education, teaching the Christian religion to children and young people; one of the first things he told them was that they should not assume that what Jesus said was right, but that they must hear him critically. It is a help to me to have the assumption that Jesus was right, that he really spoke with authority.

Or again, a writer has expressed it thus: "We forget sometimes that even where economic levels are low there can be uprightness, honesty and high ideals. There is a spiritual element in life which, if cultivated, carries the individual through periods of hardship and temptation.

What We Need

"We need better housing, better recreational facilities, better wages, better medical care, and better vocational training. But along with it must come the building of character, the development of a new set of value, attitudes and ideals—in short, a new philosophy of life. Crime to-day is largely a by-product of an acquisitive and highly competitive society—a philosophy of "every man for himself". What we need is social action on the one hand and religious education on the other, for religion can make the supreme contribution to this "more abundant life".

"Religion has failed to provide all children with a basic religious education which relates itself to everyday living, whether it be Jewish, Catholic or Protestant. Such an education develops high ideals and attitudes toward life and provides youth with standards by which to measure their own activities and, most important of all, with a motivation toward right living strong enough to counteract the materialistic and highly competitive society in which they live.

"What is the place of the urban church in this picture? While its primary function is spiritual leadership, does it not have another function—to educate its people to take the lead in the organization and planning of a new world with a 'more abundant life' for all?"

THE IDEAL CITY

O you whom God hath called and set apart
To build a city after His own heart,
Be this your task—to fill the city's veins
With the red blood of friendship; plant her plains
With seeds of peace; above her portals wreath
Greetings and welcome; let the air we breathe
Be musical with accents of good will
That leap from lip to lip with joyous thrill;
So may the stranger find upon the streets
A kindly look in every face he meets;
So may the spirit of the city tell
All her souls within her gates that all is well;
In all her homes let gentleness be found,
In every neighbourhood let grace abound,
In every store and shop and forge and mill
Where men of toil their daily tasks fulfill,
Where guiding brain and workmen's skill are wise
To shape the product of our industries,
Where treasured stores the hands of toil sustain,
Let friendship speed the work and share the gain,
And thus, through all the city's teeming life,
Let helpfulness have room with generous strife
To serve.

—WASHINGTON CLADDEN.

"THE CHURCH IN ACTION"

Late one December evening in 1929, I descended from a No. 14 streetcar at the corner of Gore Avenue and Hastings Street. I walked cautiously across the street, then slowly lifted my head to look up at a big, well-preserved building. A notice on the front read briefly, "First United Church."

The interrupted lines of the roof had reason and strength. The pitch fell back slowly to provide a generous auditorium. It was a fine, solid, practical-looking building with its own dignity and grace. I noticed with pleasure that its spire climbed far above its surroundings.

Since that first evening in December, I have looked at it many times. So have many others driving quickly by in their cars or as passengers in crowded streetcars. Many people with bundles under their arms have paused for a moment's rest on our steps and looked up and read our sign. Many drunks have steadied themselves against its firm walls. It is to those who have gone quickly by or passed by on the other side that I want to read this story. Its purpose is to tell you of some of the work that has been accomplished for the Kingdom of God in co-operation with a loyal congregation and a faithful staff of workers.

Statistics

One word about statistics. It is true you will find them in this story, but they are presented in all humility, not to impress the reader, but merely to serve as a guide to the extent of our work. Behind every number is a human being, confused, dismayed, hungry. It needs much faith to deal with hundreds of men and women crushed by folly, carelessness and circumstances, and since we have been able to help so many we record them individually, partly with joy that we have brought someone ease, partly in shame that so much suffering should be here about us.

First Church is wedged between some of the most densely populated and cosmopolitan groups in any Canadian city. North of the church eight thousand Chinese are packed in and around Pender Street. East and West there are thirty-one different nationalities and our records show assistance given to such widely separated peoples as Poles and Greeks, Russians and Italians. Our whole parish is pockmarked with beer saloons, bootleg joints and gambling dens.

During the past fifteen years, 165,465 individuals have been assisted in many ways. This total marks the work done among thousands of single, homeless, unemployed men, during the years of depression. The service was given in the form of food, shelter and clothing. Many

have been fixed up with a grub stake or a warm coat for the ride over the mountains to the prairies.

The number of families who have been helped in that time represents a total of 47,051. Help was given in the form of stoves, heaters, clothing, shelter, medicine; often a sum to tide them over when the meagre relief issue had run out and anxious parents dreaded to look into the faces of their hungry children. Careful records are kept of each family we assist and these are checked with the other Welfare agencies in our city to prevent overlapping of effort.

Welfare Industries

The work of our Welfare Industries, where all manner of salvage material is handled by our workers, has had a good record of service. Approximately 316,603 people have benefited by this department of our work. They have been supplied with the necessities for a household, beds, stoves, furniture, clothing and shoes. To gather all this material and turn the junk into jobs has meant thousands of calls for our trucks. 2,886 men and women have been provided with opportunity labour in our shops.

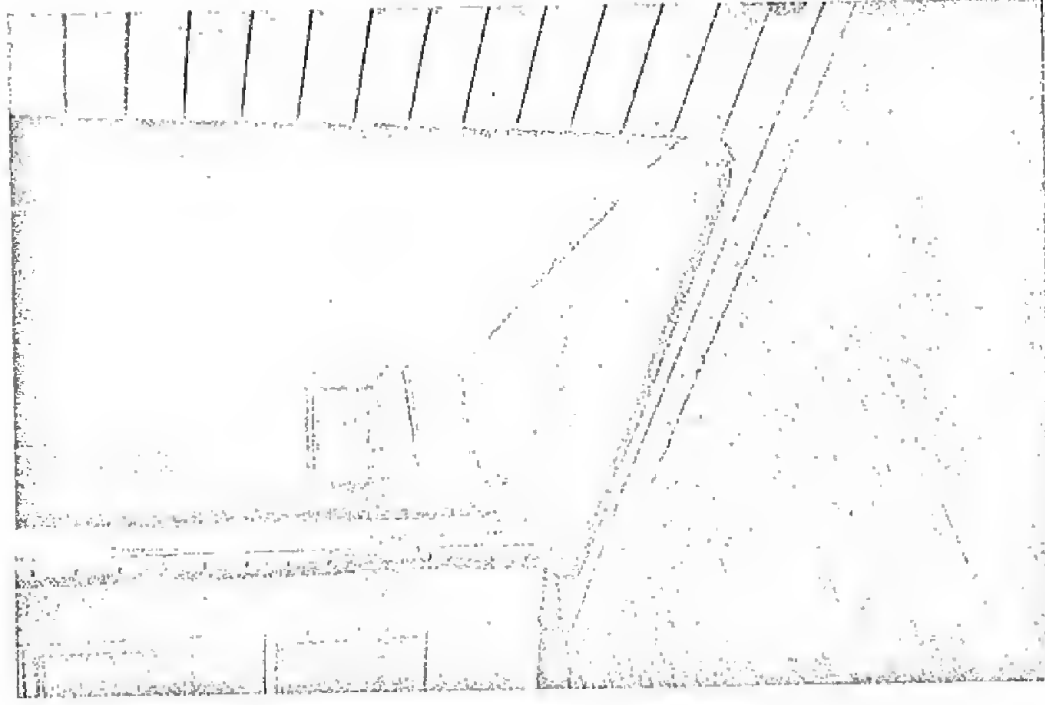
Inside our Department crowds of people surge about the tables and shelves heaped with all kinds of clothing. They pick over piles of coats, socks, boots, hats, trousers, ties, overcoats, sweaters. Clothing is put on which is of such grotesque misfit that even the wearer smiles. Colours clash and nobody cares. Is the thing warm? Will it keep out the rain? Three weeks ago a one-legged man left the one shoe he could not use. Now another one-legged man appears who needs a shoe for the other foot. Everyone watches breathlessly while he tries it on—and it fits.

Our office doorstep is worn thin. 100,880 people have come through the open door in an endless procession and in all kinds of weather. No one has ever been refused when we knew the case was genuine; yet no one has ever been helped when under the influence of liquor. They have been quietly informed to come back later when they are sober.

Visitation and Correspondence

Through the years, the work of visitation has gone on quietly but effectively, and over 20,763 calls have been recorded. These are by no means social calls. It means climbing dark, insecure stairs, groping along evil-smelling corridors in cheap rooming houses and often stumbling over trunks and broken furniture. The doors of the jail in the city, Oakalla, and also at the penitentiary are open to our workers. The value of all this service can only be estimated in the light of Time.

In a work of this nature, a large volume of correspondence has to be carried on covering a wide field of service. An old person needs



Our doorstep is worn thin.

a birth certificate for the old age pension; many have come asking us to write on their behalf to friends in the Old Land for material assistance, and large sums of money have been entrusted to us to disburse to their poor relatives here in Canada. Altogether 264,626 letters have been written. We are thankful that a neat little china roller does all the licking of the stamps.

In the past fifteen years, 1,659 funeral services have been conducted. The majority of these calls came from our radio audience. People whom I have never seen, but who in their last moments have expressed a desire that I should render this service. Whenever it has been possible the call has been heard and a message of comfort spoken in the name of the Master, who was a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief.

Then there is the other side of the picture. In times of depression, peace and war, people will get married. Looking back over these years, I see a great procession of couples, 3,250 of them, slowly passing out of my study, united in marriage. A large percentage of them have been problem cases. A few are recorded in the social columns, but many of them are on the relief or police records.

The morning service of the first Sunday in each month is set apart as the day of Baptisms and our records show that 578 little children have been baptized. We encourage the parents to come to the Church and there dedicate their children to the Lord. We have very few baptisms in the homes.

Each Christmas we have made a special appeal on behalf of the less fortunate members of our community, and over 8,000 well-filled hampers of food have been distributed. Each case is investigated and cleared with a social service exchange. We did not forget the homeless men and the old age pensioners, and in response to our appeals we have received 6,937 pairs of socks. These, when filled with shaving materials, were very much appreciated by the men.

Camp Fircom

One of the bright spots of our work is our Fresh Air Camp. At Camp Fircom, we have one of the loveliest camp sites on the Pacific Coast. The mountains and blue waters of Howe Sound make a beautiful background for the intensive work of reclamation that we carry on. On our fifty acres of land, 8,529 mothers and children have enjoyed a ten-day holiday at Camp Fircom.

Amid all our work for the social and material needs of our people, we have never lost sight of their spiritual needs. The process of sowing and reaping has ever gone on. The gospel of Christ has been taught and preached. We have recorded on our Communion Roll over 600 who have united with the Church by Profession of Faith, and 209

by Certificate. Then, each year a large number of men and women have come to our Clinic and as the result of personal dealing have given their lives to God and accepted Christ as their Saviour. At our Boys' Camp one year, fifty-four older boys at the Chapel service responded to an earnest appeal and accepted Christ as their Saviour and leader.

Finance

No doubt the question will arise, "How is the money provided to take care of all this work?" As this work is under the direction of the Home Mission Board of the United Church of Canada and the Home Mission Committee of the Presbytery, a grant is made to provide for the salaries of the members of the staff.

This leaves all other monies raised to be applied directly to the work. Part of this money comes from the congregation, although a large number of them are on relief or are borderline cases, but they have done their part splendidly.

Then, First Church has a host of friends who believe in practical Christianity, and they remember us by their gifts, many of them anonymous. Every gift we receive, either in cash or kind, is duly acknowledged.

I would like to add a word about another group of worthy people. From time to time, our hearts are made glad when we learn that some good friend, after having made provision for their loved ones in their wills, remember the work of First United Church. I trust that God may guide someone who may be impressed through the reading of this story to follow their example.

Every organization and department of our work presents a financial statement, properly audited, to the Annual Meeting of the congregation.

The Jungles

These are the headlines of our story, but the half has not been told. During the early 30's, the full effects of the depression were being felt on the Pacific Coast. Thousands of single men engaged in public works and varied projects were dismissed and no provision made for their future welfare. The Federal, Provincial and Municipal Governments had no adequate plan for them and so they began to drift to the Coast. Here they dug in along the waterfront and at the city dump off Prior and Campbell Avenue they built up their jungles.

Here was a challenge right at our door which we dared not ignore. We made plans to deal with the situation. The Presbytery of Vancouver, under our direction, organized the ladies of the various churches and every day for many months these men were fed in First

Church and also at St. Andrew's-Wesley. Over a thousand men a day were taken care of in this way. Many of these men realized for the first time that the Christian Church did care for their bodies as well as for their souls.

The work was extended to the Jungles themselves and our trucks rolled over to the city dump where the great bulk of the men were hanging on and food was distributed to thousands of them there, each day for seven months.

One of the public officials in the city said at a meeting, "If it had not been for the work of First Church, there would have been much blood shed in the streets of Vancouver." Money and supplies poured in to enable us to carry on this work. Rich and poor alike were anxious to help these men in their desperate plight. In response to our radio appeal one firm offered eighty tons of potatoes, another donated twenty tons of onions and we flavoured the whole of the East End with them.

One butcher came to me and said, "Now, if you can use sheep heads, I can give you all you want." I said, "Send them along and don't forget the tails, so that we can demonstrate how to make two ends meet." Literally tons of meat, fish, fruit, vegetables and thousands of loaves of bread were sent in. They had a strike on one of our local bakeries. I asked the manager about that batch that had been baked, but never delivered. He said, "You can have them all." Our trucks were right on the job and we took away 15,000 loaves of bread.

Services

Hundreds of the men came to our Church services. I remember one young lad coming to me and saying, "Do you know what this is?" He showed me a badge on his sweater. For a moment I could not make it out. "That is my Tuxis badge. Now I am at loose ends, no job, no home, but I want to go straight. What can you do for me?"

Many of these men died. One morning I received a call from an undertaker asking me to conduct the service for three of them. The rough wooden coffins were loaded into two hearses and we drove slowly out to the cemetery. At the grave-side there were no pallbearers and no mourners. The undertaker, his assistant, a gravedigger and myself lifted out the three coffins and placed them in their last resting-place. They were somebody's boys.

Hundreds of men thanked us for what the Church had done for them in a time of emergency. I told this story at length in a book, "God in the Jungles," and the proceeds of the thousands of copies which we sold were used to assist many of these men on to their feet. As the result of pressure brought to bear on the proper authorities, that phase of the problem has passed.

During these fifteen years we have always continued to distribute blankets, shoes, and coats and at Christmas each year we have distributed from a thousand to fifteen hundred pairs of socks filled with the things a man needs but cannot buy. We know that in the hearts of many of these men, there is a kindlier feeling toward the Christian Church because of the interest and sympathy shown in a time of need.

I often wondered at the loyalty of these men but when the call to arms came they responded nobly. Now I watch them as they march past the Church, well-fed, clothed and trained; then I remember them as they slouched along, broken in spirit, no man caring either for their bodies or their souls.

Sad to relate, it took a terrible war to bring about this change, and with one voice we say, "It must not happen again." These men have fought to make this a better and happier land in which to live, and we are pledged to help them in every possible way to make this a reality in their experience.

Preaching Centre

First Church has always been a strong preaching centre. Here great social and moral issues have been dealt with showing no fear or favour. I have had great joy in proclaiming the good news of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to multitudes who have thronged the building each Sunday. At one time so great were the numbers coming to our evening services that we arranged a double service in the evening. We never forgot the collection, indeed several times I had it taken twice.

At some of these services we have had stirring times. On more than one occasion the Communists have sung the "Red Flag". In the confusion which usually followed, some would call, "Send for the police." "No," I said, "I shall never ask the police to come into my Church. Just be patient." Then, turning to the Communists I would say, "Well, I certainly like the tune, fellows, but I do not like the words."

At the time of our Golden Jubilee, I invited the Mayor of Vancouver to speak at the evening service. Just at that time we had some serious disorders in the city. The longshoremen were on strike and the single men were restless; agitators were making the most of the opportunity to cause trouble. A large group of men and women had packed the Church before the regular congregation came in. They remained quiet until the Mayor rose to speak. At a given signal, it seemed as if pandemonium had broken loose. When they had filed out of the Church our members came in and the service proceeded in an orderly manner. But it required eleven policemen to get the Mayor safely out by a side door after the service.

For many years our Church has been one of the pioneer voices on the radio. This instrument has opened the door to a wide service. Thousands of letters have been received from all kinds of people. Some have written to say that while they have been listening to the Gospel in song and sermon, God has spoken to them in the quietness of their hearts and they have been led to accept Christ and rededicate their lives to His service. A man came to me one morning and said, "I have not been in Church for thirty years. I accepted your invitation to come and am glad. I have a new interest in life." From light-housekeepers on the lonely stations along the coasts, from loggers and fishermen; from ships in the harbour and at sea, and from many a lonely settler far from a church have come messages of appreciation. As far north as Dawson City and as far south as the Panama Canal the message of hope has brought a word of thanks.

Appeals and Results

The cost of the radio is provided by the voluntary contributions of those who listen. One of the interesting features about our radio work has been the number and variety of appeals which have been made. The response has been most generous. It would take a long time to tell of all the work that has been done. The appeals are made for the needs of our work and for every good cause working in the interest of the Kingdom of God.

Here are only a few. One of our missionaries on the West Coast needed a car to help him in his work. An appeal was made and shortly afterward a car was provided by a kind friend.

Just recently the Woman's Missionary Society opened a kindergarten in our parish. They needed a piano. I told the story and asked for one. A lady listening to the service heard the appeal and next morning a truck was out at her place and brought away a beautiful instrument.

A missionary wrote to me about one of his preaching places that needed an organ. In a short time an organ was on its way. This has happened many times now.

The Captain on one of our West Coast Mission Boats needed a pair of binoculars. A dear old lady who was listening to our appeal cast her eyes on a pair lying on the table. They had been a present to her husband, who was a seafaring man. She gladly gave them to me and they were sent forward to the missionary and are now in use.

Another missionary wrote to me asking about a communion set for one of his appointments. I told the story on the radio and suggested that someone present this communion set in memory of a loved one. A response was soon forthcoming and a lovely communion set was dedicated in loving memory. This also has been repeated several times.

One day a gentleman came into my office. He laid a very fine coonskin coat on the table and told me to give it to some missionary as he was leaving for the Old Country and would require it no longer. I sent it to the missionary farthest north and with the longest drive. Later I had the pleasure of meeting him on the platform at the General Council in Hamilton.

That incident gave me an idea. I could see lots of fur coats for both men and women brought out from the prairie by people who would never need them again. The missionaries needed them more than the moths. They responded to my appeal and a large number of fur coats, mitts, muffs and gloves have been sent to the missionaries and their wives. Judging by the spirit of the letters which have been received from them, they have been very much needed.

A nurse wrote to us from one of our hospitals up north asking for a wheel chair. The appeal was made and like magic along came three chairs, one of which was sent on its mission of mercy to the North.

A new Indian Church was about to be opened and they needed a Communion set and collection plates. A kind friend responded to this appeal and the Indian congregation received them with great thankfulness.

The Glass Eye and the Wooden Leg

An old man whom we know very well had the misfortune to break his glass eye. In his distress he came to me for assistance and now has been fitted with a new one. To-day we have a pair of lovely blue eyes which were sent in, but so far we have had no further calls.

Then, there is the story of the man with the wooden leg. One day a man thumped up the stairs to my study. He had come from the prairies. While working on the farm he met with an accident which cost him his leg. Now he was in despair. His wooden leg was falling apart. He had screwed it and glued it, but all to no avail. Being on relief, he could get no help. For a moment I was at a loss. Then I remembered that some time ago a woman had called me. She told me that her husband had died. Before he was buried she had removed his artificial limb. It was a very good one and she had kept it on a shelf. She offered it to us and we had stored it away at our Welfare Department. There is an old saying that if you keep a thing seven years you will find a use for it. Well, we sent that man down to our Welfare, the leg was adjusted so that he could use it and he thumped back to our office with tears in his eyes. When I saw him I told him to bring his new leg and all his family to Church next Sunday. He did.

One day a mother and daughter came to Church. They were on relief and she wanted to get a dress for her girl. She informed me

that her girl was musical and that she had entered the violin class at the Musical Festival, but she did not have a dress fit to wear. Through our Welfare a dress was provided and she won first prize. Each year she has competed she has worn the same dress, and when it became too small we gave her a new one. I have her photo taken with her violin. Since that first contact she has won twenty-seven first prizes for her work. I often wondered what would have happened if she had come from a home where she might have had a better chance.

Another day I stood in a bare room in a very poor home in the East End. I looked down on twin baby boys. They were clean and wholesome, but I noticed they were lying in two cartons with the ends removed for their feet, yet as contented as if they had been in satin-lined cribs. I asked the mother if she had cribs or a baby carriage for them. She said, "No, when you are on relief you cannot afford those things." Next Sunday I appealed for a baby buggy and by the end of the week a dozen of them were lined up in our halls. They didn't stay there long.

Three Thousand Sacks of Coal

During a very prolonged cold snap in Vancouver, there was much suffering among the poor. One day I was called to the hospital to baptize a little baby that was dying of pneumonia. When the father told me his story, I wondered how many more must be in a position like his. They were on relief. The issue for fuel was \$3.75 per month. When that was gone the house got cold and the children took sick. This little fellow, struggling for his life, was receiving every possible care, but he might have been spared this suffering if there had been a few more sacks of coal in that home. That Sunday over the radio I appealed for five hundred sacks of coal to meet a desperate situation. We kept the telephone open in the office and when our appeal was closed the following Sunday, we had received three thousand sacks of coal. For weeks afterwards many fires were lighted in cold, damp rooms.

One could go on reciting stories of real experience through our radio service. Radios for the blind and shut-in folks, family Bibles for mission churches, comforts for the aged. God has honoured our service for the needy in a wonderful way and now that the power of our station has been increased we look forward to an ever-broadening service for the Kingdom of God.

The Clinic

Our Clinic at First Church has been a very fruitful field of service. During these years many thousands of people have climbed the narrow wooden stairs that lead to my study and there in the quietness and privacy of that room they have poured out their troubles.

I have learned that every interruption may mean an opportunity. People have come with their domestic, social and religious problems. I have met many delegations of one kind and another, seeking aid with some of their difficulties. One day a group of Orientals came to see me. The Provincial Government of the day had decreed that under the new relief laws no Oriental was to be assisted. What were they to do? There was no work; they had families to feed. They had been born in British Columbia. Naturally, they felt this was discrimination of the meanest kind.

It happened that the Canadian Minister to the Orient was at the Hotel Vancouver. I called him and told him the story. He made a trip to Victoria and when he returned the law was changed and the Orientals were allowed relief.

Another delegation headed by the Buddhist priest came to thank me for the services rendered on this occasion to his people.

One day, when I was leaving the office, a 'phone call came in from one of the Empress boats which had just arrived from the Orient. A woman aboard wanted to see me immediately. In company with Miss Johnston I went aboard. Down on one of the lower decks we found the young woman in a serious mental state. She had answered an advertisement for a missionary to Hong Kong, without making proper inquiry. She had spent her money in making the journey only to find on her arrival that there was no such mission. She was immediately returned and now she had broken her residence in the United States, the Immigration Authorities refused to allow her to cross the border. The Canadian authorities would not allow her to land as she was not a Canadian citizen. She had originally come from Russia, lived for a time in Winnipeg and then in Seattle. For several days we worked on this case, trying to work out some sort of arrangement that would be satisfactory to the authorities, and finally we were able to see her safely on her way to friends at Portland, Oregon. Our church had been able to fill the breach that had crept into this young woman's life.

I have listened to many sad stories of unfaithfulness in my study. I have been convinced of the need for a court of Domestic Relations where problems of this urgent kind can be dealt with. At one time a serious situation developed when the relief authorities decided that each couple with a family of children must produce a marriage certificate before receiving any more relief. This change of policy revealed that a large number were living as common-law man and wife. There was a sudden rush for marriage certificates. In many cases, where the need was desperate and the welfare of the children at stake we provided the license and often the ring.

I remember one woman coming to see me in great trouble. She told me she had eleven children by the man she was now living with and thought it was now time to get married. But, after all the arrangements had been made for the ceremony, she came back to inform me that she had changed her mind. She declared that now when she had to get married she was going to marry another man whom she loved much more than the present incumbent.

Some time ago I married a man to the widow of the man he had killed on the waterfront in Vancouver. He escaped the gallows on the plea of self-defence and his way of restitution was to marry the widow.

Drug Traffic

One of the major problems in this cosmopolitan seaport is the drug traffic. Some time ago I conducted the funeral service of a young married man. After the service his father came up to my study to tell me how his son had died. He had operated a garage, was a good worker and a good father, but he hadn't been strong enough to withstand the temptation of cocaine. Once he had become addicted, pressure was put upon him to distribute the drug to young boys who made his garage their meeting-place. Extra quantities were being supplied by neighbouring drug stores. He had died from an overdose.

A report was made of this father's statement and as a result a thorough investigation was made by the Pharmaceutical Society and the Medical Association which brought the sale of cocaine and other drugs within the limits of the law.

One day the officer in charge of the R.C.M.P. asked if a number of his men might have the use of my study to watch a certain place they suspected of handling these drugs. For three days and nights the police occupied my study. At last one of their agents went into the suspected store and purchased \$850.00 worth of opium with marked money. They got their man.

Liquor

The windows of our church look down on many wretched buildings that house the most appalling vice. Emaciated Chinese and whites shuffle in and out twenty-four hours of the day. Disfigured, ugly, unkempt men and women stumble up the lane behind our church to drink their canned heat. Those on relief sometimes carry a paper bag or carton filled with bottles of liquor. In a little recess in the lane they sit down and drink. Often the lane is strewn with broken glass. Sometimes these same men who have squandered their relief cheque come banging at our office door demanding food and clothes. They have always got a stern reception. When they are beyond reason or persuasion the police van is soon backing up to our door. If we happen to know them and they have children dependant

on them, I have run them out of the office by the scruff of their neck to save them from being taken to jail. If they were ever handled rough they have had occasion afterwards to be grateful. Many of them come back later in the bitterness of their hearts to repent their weaknesses. Some are sincere and we try to help them, others are simply wanting the church to assume the responsibilities which they are too weak to face. In dealing with this whole problem, one of the greatest hindrances is the indifference and apathy of many of our church people.

Domestic Problems

When dealing with domestic problems I never make a judgment or offer a suggestion until I have heard both sides of the story and in the presence of one another whenever possible. In striving for a solution, I believe in the power of prayer, common sense and the guidance of God. More than one couple has knelt and instead of telling me their troubles they have for the first time confessed their shortcomings before God who alone is able to deal with them.

Once I had been dealing with one family and trying to effect a reconciliation, but all in vain. They then decided to break up the home. As the furniture belonged to the wife, they determined to move out on the old man and leave him to fight and quarrel with himself. By holding him down they managed to get their things out of the house, that is, all but the stove. Early the next morning I received a call to come at once and lend a hand. When I arrived, I found that my special task was to persuade the old man to get off the stove.

In Vancouver we have at least fifty-seven varieties of religion. A study of the church page on a Saturday evening can make very disturbing readings. Many good people get confused. When I think of the number of those who have come to us in their perplexity we count it a joy to be able to bring a measure of peace to their minds. We remind them that it is not what we believe that really matters, but rather, in whom we believe. When Jesus said, "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me," he meant what he said then and He means it to-day.

In all humility I am reminded of a story a friend told me once. A teacher was completing a questionnaire for one of the Social Service Agencies. One of the questions was, "What Sunday School do you attend?" One boy put down St. James', another St. Patrick's, another St. Andrew's, and so on. One little fellow somehow or other got his ideas mixed up and put down St. Roddan's. What greater tribute could man wish for?

Three Interviews

During our Golden Jubilee year, I spent much time organizing our equipment at Camp Fircom. I wanted to get a new dining and

community hall erected, for we needed it badly. I had an interview with one of our lumber men in Vancouver. After a long conversation he said, "Well, bring me the plans." I said, "I have them here." He looked at them and gave me 80,000 feet of lumber. Another business man equipped the dining hall from spoons to a huge kitchen range. Later, the Provincial Government, in view of the nature of our work, granted us tax exemptions.

One day, when the boys' party had finished a chapel service at the Camp, a little red-headed fellow came up to me and said, "Mr. Roddan, could I have a private interview with you?" "Why, certainly, son," I replied, "Come over here into the bush." He looked up at me and in a shaky little voice said, "Gee, I just wanted to say 'Thank You' for a swell holiday."

Or when the mothers were all at the table and Miss Henderson was giving them instructions, she reminded them that they could have all the food they could eat. "One little boy turned to his mother. "Say, Mom, did ye hear what she says? We can have all we can eat." To a hungry boy accustomed to relief that was the greatest news of the year.

Modern Art

Our Church has never been afraid to pioneer and even in the field of art we have attempted to show the relationship between beauty and spiritual truths. Around the large panels in our auditorium, three young Vancouver artists have painted some of the great scenes of the life of Christ. Orville Fisher, Paul Goranson and Edward Hughes put great skill and understanding into their work and to them and the kind friends who supplied the paints and canvas we are ever grateful. We remember, too, the beautiful work of Dr. William Ogden. Three of his last canvases hang on our walls. Of what use are the heartless definitions of art unless you can be touched by beauty itself? Many people have come in off the streets and stood in the quiet of our Church, then looked humbly up at the work of these men. Some have gazed up and been still for a long time.

Tributes

In closing this story, I would like to add a word of tribute to all those who have made this work possible. Rev. John Richmond Craig and his staff of workers laid the foundation and they did a good service.

We always remember with love in our hearts the faithful service of Mrs. Jennie C. Pentland, who for many years was our Mothers' Worker. "The Florence Nightingale of the East End," she was called. She has now entered into her rest.

And we remember, too, Mrs. Gerald Punter, formerly Miss Margaret Morris, for all her faithful service. Miss Jean Armstrong gave unselfishly of herself in the interests of the girls in our Church. Also Miss Elizabeth Devonshire, who did good service among the girls in the East End.

And the long line of students who have assisted in the work. The Rev. Robert McFarlane, the Rev. N. J. Crees, Rev. Robert Stobie, Rev. William Dovey, Rev. William Selder, the late Andrew Broatch, who was called to his reward at the beginning of his ministry and who during his time as assistant at First Church was loved by all the people. Rev. Vernon Smith, Mr. Wesley Millar, Rev. Harry Morrow, and Rev. Max Warne.

We do not forget the Mothers' Work of our Church under the able direction of Miss Barbara Henderson, our former Deaconess. In season and out of season, she gave a fine service for the mothers in First Church and the East End in Vancouver. Miss Muriel Richardson, B.A., our new Deaconess, is doing a splendid work in this department.

We are happy to have the co-operation of the Woman's Missionary Society in providing for the girls' work in First Church. Miss Evelyn Freethy, B.H.Sc., now Mrs. George Goodwin, made a fine contribution to this branch of our work. We also remember the splendid service given by Miss Marjorie Stedman, B.A., in our Girls' Department; she has now been called to a wider sphere of service in Ontario. We are now very happy to have Miss Ruby Horton, B.A., as Girls' Worker. She has proven herself a capable leader of girls and young women.

Mr. A. B. Turner, our Boys' Worker in First Church, has established a large place for himself in the love and esteem of the boys at our Church. For over twenty-five years this good man has given his time and energy without thought of remuneration. His work in the Post Office keeps him busy all day and his work amongst the boys is his pleasure at night. All over Canada there are men and boys who remember with warm hearts the name of Andy Turner. In 1941 he was awarded the Good Citizen Medal for his work among the boys of the East End.

The Superintendent of our Welfare Industries, Mr. John Hayward, is a man of fine Christian character and his faithful and diligent service has contributed much to the success of this department of our work.

Then, of course, there is our fine choir, under the capable leadership of Mr. Frank Alexander. Thousands of radio listeners most certainly appreciate their work.

Our faithful Church Officer, Mr. W. E. Peters, deserves especial mention. Year in and year out, he lights our fires and goes about his appointed tasks with quiet courage.

Miss Hester A. Johnston for over sixteen years has given faithful service as Secretary in charge of all the work of our office. From her wide experience in office management she has proven herself competent, understanding and efficient. Recently she retired from the active work and Miss Helen Shea has taken over the responsibilities of Church Secretary. She has had a good training in secretarial work and will prove a valued member of our staff. Miss Ethyl Harding is an efficient stenographer, ready and willing to do her part at all times.

The Church Carries On

We pay a high tribute to the life and memory of our late Superintendent of Missions, Rev. G. A. Wilson, D.D. His wise counsel and words of encouragement were always deeply appreciated by every member of the staff.

To his successor, Superintendent Rev. W. P. Bunt, B.A., D.D., we have pledged our loyalty, and we believe that among all his manifold duties he will always have the interests of First United Church in mind, and we shall benefit from his wide experience in Home Mission Work.

We also very sincerely thank the General Secretary of the Home Mission Board, Rev. R. B. Cochrane, M.A., D.D., and also Rev. George Dorey, B.A., D.D., for their sympathetic understanding of all the work carried on in First United Church.

First United Church carries on. Our work has only been made possible by the fine spirit of co-operation of our faithful office-bearers and the members of our congregation, the devotion, loyalty and affection of good friends. I could not number them here and it would not be their wish, but they are remembered with kindness and love.

This story began with a picture of the cosmopolitan nature of our work. Let me close by describing to you how in a very real sense these various national groups hold fellowship together.

For many years we have held an International Communion Service in First Church at the beginning of each New Year. Taking part in this service we had the Chinese and Japanese, the East Indians and the native Indians of British Columbia, the representative of the Negro Church, the Scandinavian, Finnish and Russian Christian Churches. The Minister presides, assisted by the Superintendent of Home Missions and the Superintendent of Oriental Missions. The Scripture is read by each minister present, in his own tongue. A Japanese girl, sometimes a Chinese, sings "The Stranger of Galilee".

No one who has shared in this service will readily forget the deep impression which is made when the sacred elements are distributed by the elders to the people. At this time, when the nations of the world are living in a state of fear and apprehension and the

spirit of narrow nationalism is holding so many in bondage, we thank God for the privilege of uniting in fellowship and prayer at the feet of Jesus.

Finally, the question may be asked—"What of the future of this work?" My answer is given in the words of an old Scottish divine—"The future is as bright as the Promises of God."

* * *

IN SUCH AN AGE!

To be alive in such an age!
With every year a lightning page
Turned in the world's great wonder-book
Whereon the leaning nations look
Where men speak strong for brotherhood
For peace and universal good;
When miracles are everywhere
And every inch of common air
Throbs a tremendous prophecy
Of greater marvels yet to be.
O, Thrilling Age!
O, Willing Age!
When steel and stone and rail and rod
Welcome the utterance of God
A trumpet to shout his wonder through
Proclaiming all that man can do.

To be alive in such an age!
To live in it!
To give in it!
Rise, soul, from thy despairing knees,
What if thy lips have drunk the lees?
The passion of a larger claim
Will put thy puny grief to shame.
Fling forth thy sorrow to the wind
And link thy hope with humankind:
Breathe the world-thought, do the world-deed,
Think highly of thy brother's need.
Give thanks with all thy flaming heart,
Crave but to have in it a part—
Give thanks and clasp thy heritage—
To be alive in such an age!

—Angela Morgan.



Our Chapel at Camp Firecom

ON ENTERING A CHAPEL

Love built this shrine; these lovely trees uprose
 To give seclusion from the hurrying throng,
 From tumult of the street, complaint and wrong,
 From rivalry and strife, from taunt of foes—
 If foes thou hast. On silent feet come in,
 Bow low in penitence. Whoe'er thou art
 Thou, too, hast sinned. Uplift in prayer thy heart.
 Thy Father's Blessing waiteth. Read within
 This holy place, in pictured light portrayed,
 The characters of worthies who, from years
 Long past, still speak the message here displayed
 In universal language not to fade.
 Leave then thy burden, all thy cares and fears;
 Faith, hope, and love are thine, for thou hast prayed.

—John Davidson.

THE HOLINESS OF BEAUTY

At Camp Firecom, which is our Fresh Air Camp on Gambier Island, we have one of the most beautiful chapels on the Pacific Coast. The entrance to the chapel has a wonderful rustic arch of fir and cedar on which you see the words in large letters, "Worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness". As you proceed towards the chapel through the woods, between magnificent Douglas Firs, centuries old, towering over two hundred feet into the air, you pass through a number of rustic arches on which there are a series of legends and words such as Purity, Truth, Courage, Honesty, Faith-Hope-Love.

Then when you come to the end of this lovely trail, you look out on the blue waters of Howe Sound, to the high mountains on the South, crowned with the famous Lions.

A beautiful rustic pulpit, with a great cedar log, which defies the most enthusiastic preacher to ding it into bits, has been erected, with rustic benches on which the campers sit during the service. Over the pulpit are inscribed these words in Old English letters: "How Lovely Is Thy Dwelling Place".

As the hundreds of tired mothers and children from the hot tenements and streets of the East End of Vancouver enjoy the inspiration of this beautiful environment, they come to realize, as never before, how wonderful are the works of God.

The Lover of the Out-of-Doors

I always like to think of Jesus as a great lover of the out-of-doors. As you read the pages of the New Testament, you cannot fail but be impressed by the fact that He had a keen sense of observation, and nothing of importance seemed to escape His all observing eyes. The birds, flowers, children, the seasons, all reveal how near to the heart of nature He was. You will find that the striking parables which He used to illustrate spiritual truth were drawn from this contact with the book of nature. To Jesus everything that was beautiful was holy, and all that was holy was beautiful.

It is true that Jesus said, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," but it is equally true that He realized the value of eyesight, and said in other words, "He that hath eyes to see let him see." He lived in a beautiful country. But the realm of human nature in His day was not beautiful, it was cruel, hard, selfish. The sacredness of human life was hardly known.

He did not ignore the everyday world of facts. The ideals of humanitarianism, philanthropy or mercy had not taken a deep root. Even religion itself was a cold, formal thing and dying at the roots.

When Jesus wanted to draw strength for His great work, He withdrew from the crowded streets to the quietness of the hills or the

garden or seashore, there to drink deep draughts of spiritual life through fellowship with God and nature.

This is also true in the experience of the Christian today. There is still far too much of the selfish and sordid in human life.

The Fool's Paradise

We have surrounded ourselves with so much that is artificial and superficial in life, that we are in danger of losing sight of the real values of life in the midst of The Fool's Paradise. We too find the same measure of relief as came to Jesus, when we retreat and are alone with the stars, the trees and God.

This is the world then, of mixed contrasts which God loved and still loves. This is the world for which Jesus died.

He came to take away the ugly heart of selfishness and sin, and make it beautiful by His grace and love.

Remember that all that is unlovely in nature and human nature is not essential but only contingent in God's great plan for the universe. Jesus could always see the potential beauty hidden behind what was ugly and unpleasant. Like the expert who removes all the imperfections that blur and spoil the masterpiece, so Jesus works on the human soul.

It is your privilege and mine to co-operate with Him by helping to make this old world a better and brighter place to live in.

The Great Architect

Let us never forget that God the great Architect of the Universe delights in beauty. You remember that each day, according to the story in Genesis when God looked on His handiwork, He said, "It is good." He has hidden this potential beauty in the bulb, in the seed, and in the root. Man has found out many of the secrets of beauty, men like Burbank have been able to recreate and amplify the beautiful things of the garden and the field. There is a divine satisfaction that can be experienced by human beings in creating out of the common things, objects that are lovely to behold.

The painter takes a few colours, and with his medium and skill can depict for us some of the beautiful scenes that fill our hearts with joy. The musician can take his pen and by a wonderful combination of signs create a symphony which being interpreted by the mechanical instrument or the human voice inspires us with a new sense of the beautiful and true.

The architect can take the timber from the forest, the stone from the quarry, and build a temple or a home that thrills the human heart with beautiful thoughts of love and worship.

The engineer can build great dams to store up the life giving streams of water which are released on the dry, arid regions, and, as

if by a miracle turn the desert into a song, and make it blossom as the rose, a thing of beauty and delight, a feast for the eyes and a satisfaction for the heart.

Then you will find as you study the beauties of nature that there is order and purpose running through it all. Seed time and harvest, summer and winter, come and go, each adding their charm and leaving their blessings behind for the benefit of mankind.

There is a beauty which the eye of man cannot see by his natural eye, but when he sweeps the heavens with a powerful telescope he marvels at the splendour of the constellations, and remembers the truth spoken by the Psalmist when he said, "The Heavens declare the Glory of God."

Then when he turns his eyes downward he sees, even about his feet, a wonderful beauty in the common things of everyday life.

Like the old shepherd on the moors of Scotland, when one day a naturalist who was studying in the vicinity showed him a heather bell beneath the powerful magnifying glass, the sight of its beauty brought the tears to his eyes as he exclaimed, "I think I have trampled them under my feet."

The Poets

Someone has said there are only two classes of people in the world, those who can see and those who cannot see even though their eyes are open. We owe a great debt to the men and women who have seen the beautiful and have the God-given power to express in noble language what they have seen and felt. Thousands of other eyes in Ayr had looked at the banks and bracs o' bonnie Doon, but when Robert Burns saw them, his heart was filled with a deep sense of appreciation of their beauty, and he has immortalized them in his song, "Ye Banks and Bracs."

When Tennyson saw and heard the gurgling brooks he could not refrain from expressing his feelings in beautiful poetry. Other ears had heard the skylarks of England, but when Shelley heard them it was like the voice of Heaven to his soul, and we listen to their beautiful song again as we read the lovely poems which he wrote.

It remained for Lord Byron to tell us of the majesty and power of the mighty ocean. And so the story goes, as men and women have used their eyes and their ears they have caught many of the beautiful sights and sounds, because their hearts have been attuned to nature and to God.

Did you ever stop for a moment to reflect how wonderful and infinite is the variety in the beauty in this world of ours.

The Insensitive

There are some people who are colour blind and they miss the best there is to be seen. There are others who are mentally and mor-

ally blind and they cannot see. Did you ever look at the beauty of the peacock's tail, the jet black sheen of the blackbird's wing, or the flaming colour of the ruby-throated humming bird? Have you ever noted the wonderful tints of the butterfly's wing, or the beauty of the flowers in the garden?

As you looked at these things have you not been assured as never before that this world is ruled and directed by a great mind which loves to reveal itself through the beautiful things in nature?

Yet there are those people upon whom all this seems to be lost. Two friends were walking along the sea shore one beautiful calm summer evening. The moon was casting a great beam of light on the still waters. One friend turned to the other and said, "Isn't this just grand?" "Yes," came the reply, "if only we had a band."

Well, there you are, what can you do with people like that?

How different from that old lady when she saw the ocean for the first time. She exclaimed, "Thank God, here is something there is enough of for everybody."

Four Great Things

There are four things that cause you to stop and wonder when you behold them. The great and mighty ocean, when you are hundreds of miles from shore. It makes you feel how insignificant you are, like a drop in the great sea of life. You remember the words of Lord Byron:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll,
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,
Man marks the earth with ruin,
His control stops with the shore."

The great wastes of sand which form some of the terrible deserts and waste places on earth. The flow of burning lava as it pours down the mountain side, carrying death and destruction to every living thing in its awful pathway. The great glaciers which make you wonder what would happen to the world if the temperature should rise just a few degrees.

Yet the wonderful thing about all this is the fact that whether great or small each part has a place in God's great plan.

There is a beauty of form and texture in every snowflake as well as in the great drifts in the valleys, or the mountain tops. There is a charm in every little mountain stream, as well as in the majestic Amazon or St. Lawrence.

There is a loveliness in the mountain ash when the berries are red, as there is in the towering strength of the mighty Redwood or Douglas Fir. The calm and restful reflections of the water pool appeal to the imagination, as does also the rushing, tumbling, crashing waters of Niagara. You see, God created all these works and there is a great purpose in them all.

Human Nature

Let us turn our thoughts now more particularly to that other great book, the book of human nature. This is the realm in which God is most interested. I suggest to you that there is nothing in all this universe more beautiful than a baby. Think of all the potential power and good hidden there in one little life. They are not as some old-time theologians would have us believe, "Vipers spitting in the face of God". I do not believe they are damned because they are not baptised according to the teaching of one church. They are just bundles of potentialities for good or for evil, and the final evaluation will be made according to whether they have received the proper direction and training and this is your responsibility and mine and not theirs. With every new baby there is born the hope of a new world. All the potential powers for good and for evil are stored within each little life.

They are neither little devils, nor little angels, except when they are asleep, but just little bundles of human life, energy, and power. One of the most beautiful of all the experiences of Jesus was when He took the little children in His arms and blest them.

When men are thinking of battles, and battalions, of politics and business, God is thinking about babies. We need more of them. A little child is still God's best and most beautiful gift to mankind. "A little child shall lead them" to see what is beautiful and true and good. Even the finer things of the Kingdom of God are only revealed to those who have the childlike spirit.

Modern Youth

"The glory of a young man is his strength." I am sure the writer was not thinking of mere physical strength alone, but that inward beauty of character and life. When I pass by our public schools, high schools and college, and see the teeming thousands that are there preparing themselves for the battles of life I have hope for the world, if only we can direct them in the right paths. I covet our modern youth for Jesus. What wonderful changes could be wrought if only we could win their wholehearted allegiance to the program of life as Jesus has outlined it for us by His life and teaching.

When I hear some people running down the youth of today for their love of pleasure and lack of responsibility, I wonder how some of these people would have acted, if they had been tested by all the temptations that confront our young people today. Think of all the appeals which are made to them of which we never knew anything about. The modern dance, the automobile, the salacious literature, the flaming youth type of modern picture; just think about these things and you will modify your judgments, as you remember when you were young, and the fires burned bright, you will be thankful that the youth are as steady as they are.

We older people have nothing to boast about. Because of our savage inclinations we sacrificed a generation of the finest youth to the bloodthirsty spirit of war, and have left them a terrific burden of debt to be paid by them. We have governed our lives and constricted our business by a selfish, narrow, cruel system of economics that is now threatening to destroy civilization.

Who are we that we should condemn and castigate the youth of our land. Canada needs her youth, her splendid young men and women, and it is the function of the Christian church to meet the challenge which they present and guide them in the ways of truth, purity, service, so that their lives may be beautiful and strong.

We are told that when the rich young ruler came to Jesus, He looked at the young man and loved him for his own sake, and for the sake of others. So today Jesus loves this generation of youth because He knows the unrealized power of their lives, and He covets them for His service and for His kingdom.

Middle Age

There is also a fine charm about middle age that always interests me, especially now, since I am in that class myself. There is much to be said about the men and the women who have been able to stand up to all the trials and difficulties of life. When they have managed to keep their lives sweet, and pure and clean for forty or fifty years, it speaks well for them. This is the period of life when men and women are tempted to become cynical and to rebel against apparent inequalities of life. Some of the most beautiful characters I have met have been the men and women in middle life.

This lesson would not be complete without a tender reference to the men and women who have borne the battle of life bravely, and now when the weight of years rests heavily upon them, to see them smile and listen to their words of encouragement is a real benediction and blessing to all.

How tragic it is that all this beauty of form and face is only for a day. The times comes all too quickly like the killing frost of winter when nature is shorn of all her glory and loveliness. The beauty which is physical is only skin deep, but the beauty which is spiritual is soul deep.

The Beauty of Character

God is not interested so much in the beauty of the landscape and the sea, as He is in the beauty of character. The word holiness connotes the same idea as wholesomeness.

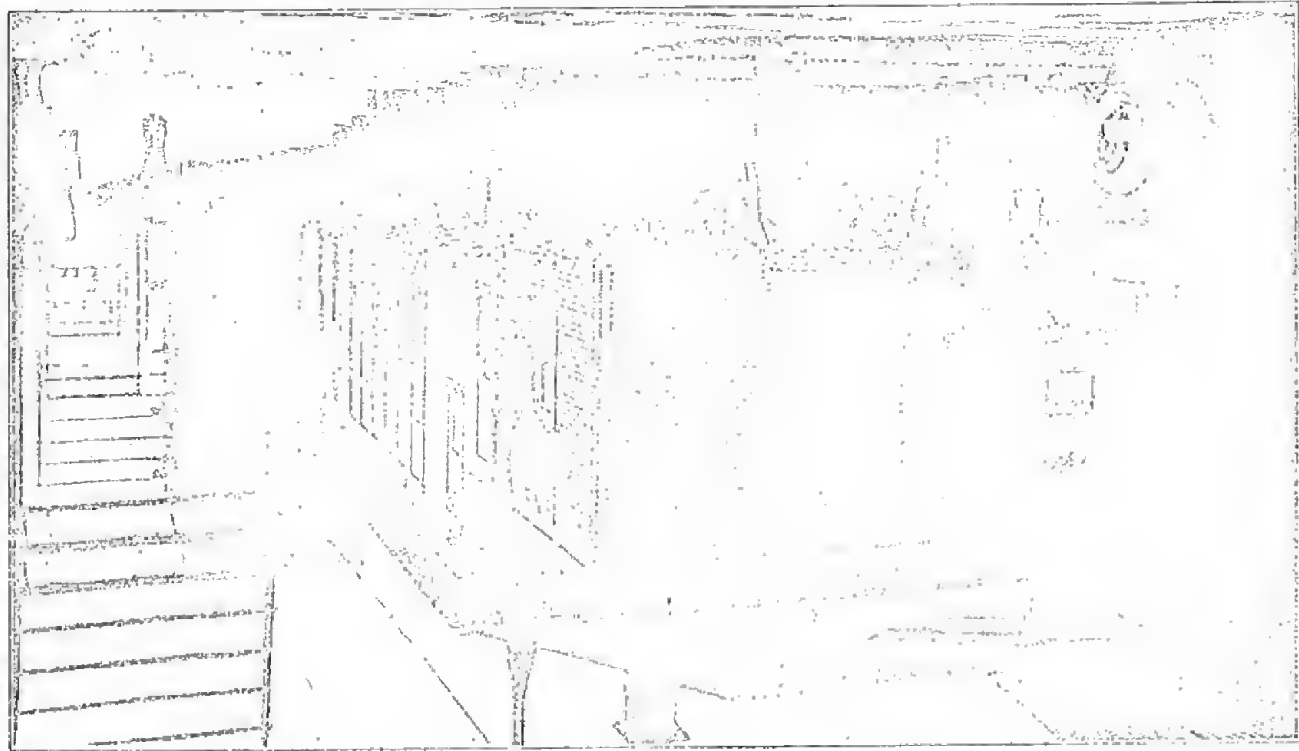
The eyes that are beautiful in God's sight are those which are lit with the light of heaven. The hands which are lovely are those which day by day are used to perform kind deeds. The lips in which God

delights, are not those plastered with cosmetics, but those which radiate joy because of the inspiring words they help to form, and the kiss of love which they alone can give.

The ugliest thing in all this world is sin, just sin, call it by whatever name you like.

There is only one power in all this world that can take the life that is stained and marred by sin, and make it fresh and beautiful again, the power of God through Jesus Christ, of Whom it was said, "He is the Fairest of ten thousand."

If you want to appreciate all the beautiful things in the world of nature, and if you want to be like Jesus, then let Him come into your heart and life and you will come to understand the meaning of the Holiness of Beauty.



The bread line at our door.

THE BREAD LINE

By Berton Braley

Well, here they are—they stand and shiver,
Waiting their food from some kind stranger's hand,
Their weary limbs with eagerness aquiver,
Hungry and heartsick in a bounteous land.

"Beggars and bums?" Perhaps, and largely worthless.
Shaky with drink, unlovely, craven, low,
With obscene tongues and hollow laughter mirthless;
But who shall give them scorn for being so?

Yes, there they are—with gaunt and pallid faces,
With limbs ill-clad and fingers stiff and blue,
Shuffling and stamping on their pavement places,
Waiting and watching for their bit of food.

We boast of vast achievements and of power,
Of human progress knowing no defeat,
Of strange new marvels every day and hour—
And here's the bread line in the wintry street

Then thousands years of war and peace and glory,
Of hope and work and deeds and golden schemes,
Of mighty voices raised in song and story,
Of huge inventions and of splendid dreams;

Ten thousand years replete with every wonder,
Of empires risen and of empires dead;
Yet still, while wasters roll in swollen plunder,
These broken men must stand in line—for bread!

SUPPOSE NOBODY CARED

In the story of the Good Samaritan, Jesus reveals the very heart of the Gospel. He sums it all up in these three words: "He had compassion." Undoubtedly this story has been the main spring, directly and indirectly, for all true works of mercy, philanthropy, and fraternity. Jesus was a Master in the art of word painting, and He has fixed this picture indelibly on the mind of man. Would to God that our actions would equal our knowledge in our dealings with our fellow men. Nobody cared for this unfortunate man left lying in the ditch, bleeding, naked, and to all appearances, dead. Even the priest, the champion of religion, when he drew near, looked at him, but as he did not feel any sense of obligation to lend a hand, he passed by on the other side. The Levite stopped his singing for a moment when he saw the situation, but as this man did not belong to his race or religion, it did not take him long to make up his mind that this was none of his business, and he passed by on the other side.

Compassion

But, (I want you to notice how much depends on that word "but";) when the Samaritan saw him he had compassion; he cared. We have reason to thank God for that long line of noble, self-sacrificing men and women who have cared for their less fortunate brothers and sisters. One night, while I was addressing several hundred of these homeless men, one of them shouted out, "What is the difference between Christianity and Religion?" I said, "All the difference in the world, my friend. A man may be as full of religion as an egg is full of meat and not have the spirit of Christ in him." Religion without compassion is the coldest thing under heaven. In the name of religion men have done some hellish things in this world, as history clearly reveals.

Religion has sometimes expressed that spirit which Robert Burns had in mind when he said: "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." The Church has so often forgotten that man has a body to be cared for as well as a soul to be saved, and that the two must have proper and careful attention. It is only when men have had the true spirit of Christ in them that they have turned aside from their selfishness and indifference to lend a helping hand among the underprivileged and less fortunate members of society.

Faith and Works

The complete message of Jesus takes into consideration man's temporal as well as his spiritual needs. "What does it profit," says the Apostle James, "if a man say he hath works? Can that faith save him? If a brother or sister be naked, and in lack of daily food, and

one of you say unto them, 'Go in peace,' be ye warmed and filled; and yet ye give them not the things needful to the body; what doth it profit? Even so faith, if it have not works, is dead in itself."

There are some Christians who hold the Pilgrim theory of life because it fits in with their theology. It finds expression in the idea that the world is bad, and going to the dogs; therefore our duty is to get through it as quickly as possible, and all the while keep your eye on the sky.

Can you imagine anything further from the mind of Jesus than that conception of life? This philosophy fitted in with the Pharisees' conception of religion. They could pass by the poor beggars in the streets with the dogs licking their festering sores; they could say their prayers, go to Church. Jesus said: "You must face your duty to God and learn to love your neighbour as yourself."

There is another theory which prevails, the practical view of life. It teaches that we are here for a purpose and there is work to be done. There are thousands of our fellows who are living in sin. There are others who are victims of circumstances. There are those who have lost the way. Some are in rebellion, some are sad, and some are hopeless, and it is our task in the spirit of the Master not only to rescue the brands from the burning, but as soon as possible to put out the fires which would destroy their lives. What a difference it makes when we care as Jesus cared. He never could look at a group of people but His heart was moved with compassion; He cared. When the Apostle Paul caught the spirit of Jesus, he went out, not caring for himself, but filled with a great zeal and love to be of service to his Master so that he was ready to die for Him. Down through the centuries of time, men have caught that vision and have followed the gleam. This is the spirit that has lifted this old world nearer to Heaven.

Examples

It is true in the experience of the missionaries of the Cross; in the experience of St. Patrick, St. Mungo, and St. Andrew, and Frances of Assisi. We have this spirit exemplified in the lives of Hudson Taylor, William Cary, Dr. Grenfell, David Livingstone and Mary Stessor. The great preachers of history, St. Peter, Savonarola, John Knox, John Wesley, Spurgeon and Beecher, or in the lives of the great reformers like Abraham Lincoln, John Bright, Cobden, and Wilberforce. They all cared.

When Charles Dickens saw the conditions in the prisons, workhouses, schools and factories of his day, he said: "I care," and he awakened the public conscience to its duty. Lord Shaftesbury, after long hours in the House of Parliament, took his lantern and went down under the bridges and along the highways and byways and gathered in the homeless men and boys, because he said: "I care."

When Florence Nightingale heard of the suffering of the British soldiers in the Crimea, she said: "I care"; and she went out and rendered a great service, so that when this Angel of Mercy passed the long rows of wounded soldiers, they turned and kissed her shadow as it fell upon their beds. It was this spirit which stirred the heart of William Booth when he realized the need in darkest England among the poor people of his day. He said: "I care." When John Howard saw the life of the prisoners in England and on the continent, he said: "I care. I want to spend the rest of my life helping my unfortunate brothers and sisters." When Edith Cavell faced the guns of her executioners, she said: "Patriotism is not enough; I care."

This is the spirit which has blessed the world, helped to keep it sweet, revealed the spirit of the Master and prevented it from falling into gross selfishness and sin.

What is compassion? Simply the overflow of your better self.

It is that something of the eternal which goes out from us towards suffering humanity. This is what the world needs today. We have had an overflow of nationalism, commercialism, science, and education. Now the time has come for an overflow of compassion and goodwill.

We can never improve the play by changing the scenery. It is spiritual determinism which ultimately determines all things, and we must aim for that ideal. When we get men to put Christ first, we will take a great step forward to that day when the new world order will be ushered in. An order in which the motive of service and mutual helpfulness will take the place of selfish, heartless, cruel competition which is so rampant in the world today.

"NOT what we have, but what we share,

For the gift without the giver is bare,

Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,

Himself, his hungering neighbour, and me."